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DOMESTIC MUSIC.

'Did you say a *grand* musical party, Mrs Jenkinson?'

'Yes, Mr Jenkinson,' replied my wife, 'a *grand* musical party; for why should the ample musical resources of our family be frittered away in small tea-drinkings and after-dinner songs? Since Clotilda came back from Paris, and George took lessons of the great German flute-player, we have never given them a fair opportunity of displaying their abilities. Then there is Miss Pollewe, our new governess, a first-rate pianoforte performer, who does wonderful execution, and plays the most fashionable fantasias much faster than anybody I ever heard. It would be a sin to hide all these capabilities under a bushel; especially while Mr Stokan continues his visit to us; for his guitar will be of great assistance. Then we can have concerted pieces, if assisted by our neighbours the Goodsons: the old gentleman's violoncello and Charles's violin will chime in charmingly. A duet or two, or a few glee-songs, will make a pretty contrast; for Maria Goodson and Clotilda will sing together delightfully; and Mr Bamble (the attorney, you know) sings bass, they tell me, quite as loud as Lablache. Thus you see, my dear, we can muster a strong musical force, which will, with a sprinkling of professionals, enable us to get up as grand a concert as anybody would wish to hear.'

'And who do you wish to hear it? Is it to be a meeting of musicians solely? Because, if you can do without me—'

'By no means,' replied Mrs Jenkinson, spreading out her fingers to count up the invitations. 'In the first place, it will be an admirable opportunity of asking our Scotch friends, Sir Fergus and Lady Mackintosh. Besides, Miss Mackintosh, being a native of Scotland, sings Burns's songs; and though they are a little out of date, I daresay I can persuade my friends to listen to one of them. Then the Johnsons are all amateurs; and so are the Browns—a large but extremely musical family; and the Hollingses (by-the-by, young Hollings sings comic songs); and the Whitbreads—all *influential* people, Mr Jenkinson, whose friendship (aside from musical considerations) it will be to our interest, for the sake of our young folks, to cultivate.'

I will say this for Mrs Jenkinson, that, however her vision may be dazzled by the glories of party-giving, she invariably keeps one eye wide open to business. For this reason she overlooked an addition to the concert, which, in my opinion, would have contributed a main charm; namely, two cousins of mine, Rose Parker and her brother, who sing ballads in a most pleasing manner. The fact is, they were very excellent individuals, but had no 'influence,' and so were left out. 'Besides,' said my wife, 'they don't know a note of music, and only

sing by ear. However, that will make them very good listeners; and they shall be asked, if you wish.'

During the interval between the planning and the execution of my wife's project, our house might have been likened to the Royal Academy of Music during practice hours. In one room my daughter was rehearsing duets with Maria Goodson; in another, George was incessantly double-tonguing on the flute; Stokan twanged his guitar in a third; and as for Miss Pollewe, the clatter she kept on the new grand piano was absolutely deafening! I endured this concatenation of discords for three days like a martyr, but at the end of that time, thought it expedient to *create* an important matter of business with a relative in Kent, with whom I found refuge till the evening of our grand concert.

When it arrived, my wife's arrangements appeared to be perfect. Returning only time enough to dress, and to receive our guests, I found everything in order. The grand piano was drawn out into the middle of the room; a bass viol was placed against it; and George's flute—the silver keys of which had been polished as brightly as our best tea-spoons—adorned the top; upon which it rested beside a fiddle and several leaves of manuscript music. In short, the piano only wanted the addition of a tambourine to resemble a music-seller's sign, or that picturesque ornament which he usually places upon his bill-heads. Underneath stood a couple of Canterburies, well filled with music-books. Music-desks graced the four corners of the room, and were prettily embellished with coloured candles ready to be lighted. Miss Pollewe fluttered with anticipations of the sensation she hoped to create in her wonderful fantasias; my daughter declared she was never in better voice, and to prove it, kept singing ah! ah! ah! ah! whilst George insisted upon letting me hear how capitally he could bring out his low C, till I heartily wished some of the guests would arrive to put a stop to these unpleasant preliminaries. This they did in due time; that is to say, at about the hour when I usually retire to rest.

The announcements, introductions, coffee-sipping, and other non-musical preludes, passed over as usual. At length that dead silence occurred which invariably takes place when something is expected to be done. Mrs Jenkinson broke the ice by asking Mr Stokan to oblige us with a grand concerto on the guitar. This he could not think of doing while there were so many more able musicians in the room. Miss Julietta Brown was appealed to—she had a slight cold; Charles Goodson felt too nervous to give his solo so early in the evening; Miss Pollewe, the governess, regretted she could not commence the concert with her fantasias, delicately hinting, that she declined being made a stop-gap. In short, though they had all confessedly met for the purpose of performing and hearing music, not one seemed

inclined to open the concert. I say 'seemed,' because in one or two instances the refusal was manifestly a mere pretence; for, while saying 'no,' the negotiatis were, to judge by their countenances, dying to show off. At length my daughter sat down to the piano, and sounded the first chords of the grand duet. I daresay the singing was very fine, for those of the auditory who had the reputation of being good judges listened attentively; but it struck me that Clotilda, in attempting the high parts, made a noise not unlike screaming. This a neighbour explained, by saying that the poetry (it was Italian; but the singers' odd pronunciation prevented me from making out a word) was expressive of a lady intensely alarmed and distressed, and I was bound to endure the ear-piercing, because it was perfectly in character with the poetry. Presently, however, the strain changed to a very lively measure, and the word 'gioia' occurred incessantly; but still the screaming went on, though both singers professed themselves to be full of 'joy.' Great applause followed, and the ladies retired to their seats, blushing with the weight of the honours thrust upon them. I could see, by the expression of satisfaction on my daughter's face, that she thought she had sung to perfection one of the most difficult Italian duets extant.

'Well,' I said to a person near me, 'my taste is perhaps depraved, but I prefer a simple ballad to the most complicated music that ever was written.'

The individual addressed I had never seen before. He was one of my wife's importations. He looked at me with a sort of pity, and asked if I had ever heard Grisi and Caradori sing the duet we had just heard. I had not. 'Then, sir,' he replied, 'do not blame the music for not pleasing; it is the execution of it which has in the present instance prevented its charming you. The young lady who sang the soprano part has not nearly capability sufficient for such music. Her voice is, I daresay, very well suited to a ballad which does not require a great compass; but the duet is vastly beyond her powers.'

'Then I am to attribute my distaste not to the badness of the music, but to the unskillfulness of the singing?' 'Precisely!'

We were startled out of our conversation by Miss Pollewe, who had commenced her concerto. It began with a noise like a clap of thunder, that being immediately followed by the semblance of a very long streak of lightning, effected by a run over every one of the keys from the bottom of the instrument to the top. A continual rumble was afterwards kept up among the bass notes, with only a few squeaks now and then from the high ones to enliven it. After several minutes occupied in that way, there came what my neighbour told me they call a 'cadenza,' to perform which the country-dance evolution of hands across, down the middle, and up again, was frequently gone through upon the keys. This, I supposed, was the conclusion; but, to my surprise, the indefatigable player still went on, and I was told she had only just ended the beginning, or 'introduction,' and had got to the 'slow movement'; though why they called it so, I could not make out, for her left hand was working away as fast as ever. Then came the 'quick movement,' after which I left our governess scampering over the keys somewhat after the fashion of a cat upon a hot floor; for, being heartily tired of it, when I found that a third measure was commenced with no hope of its being soon over, I continued conversing with my neighbour. 'Ought I to be pleased with *that*?' I inquired.

'It is purely a matter of taste,' was the reply—'a matter in which every one differs. Some like music which interests the feelings or delights the ear; others, again, prefer feats of dexterity which please the eye, while watching how rapidly a player can move her fingers, and how many showers of notes she can pour out in a second.' What else my informant said I was a stranger to, for his voice was completely drowned by the 'Coda' (as I understood), or grand wind-up, which

our governess was thundering out with the most laborious energy. At length she actually left off, and the effect produced by the stoppage was singular. Her performance had been of such long duration, that the patience of the auditory had (as in my own case) fairly given way, and when they could keep silence no longer, they sought refuge in conversation. During the piece, the sounds of their voices were politely varied with those of the music, so as not to interrupt it; but at the finishing passage, they were obliged to talk very loud indeed, to make themselves heard to one another; and when Miss Pollewe concluded rather unexpectedly, she found, instead of silence only broken by applause, that the whole company was engaged in a series of animated conversations, apparently of so interesting a character, as to require some little vociferation, and scarcely to be interrupted by the cessation of her hostilities from the piano-forte. I afterwards heard from my daughter that Miss Pollewe was, poor girl, extremely mortified at this result of several years' hard practice, and made an oft-quoted comparison concerning the casting of pearls, which expressed anything but respect for her auditors, or composure in her own mind.

The succeeding performance was a strong contrast to the last. Instead of being too loud, it was too soft; for my son and his mustachioed master obliged us with the grand overture to *Zauberflöte*, arranged as a duet for two flutes! It passed off exceedingly ill; for, after listening to a few bars, the auditors took not the smallest notice of it, and went on talking as if nothing was happening. This confirmed Miss Pollewe in her opinion of us; and finding that George was so much in her own situation, she went up to him, and kindly patronised his performance by calling it 'very pretty.' Like most persons who have done anything ill, my son tried to show that the failure was attributable to everything but himself. Having exhausted his complaints of the tasteless character of the party, he turned them upon his master, whose fast mode of playing, he said, put him out. He wound up with a third excuse, which had at least the merit of originality; declaring that before commencing, 'he had sprained his B flat thumb.'

By this time our party was changed from a musical one to a conversazione. The dialogues, being carried on in small detachments, created a far from harmonious effect. The stranger—who my wife had by this time informed me was Mr Sawyer, a musical professor of the old school—declared that the sound of many voices reminded him of a Dutch instead of a 'grand' concert, and declared that our guests had formed themselves into a huge *pot pourri*, which he interpreted to mean a medley. Poor Mrs Jenkinson looked round with the rueful despair of a schoolmaster who, do all he can, is unable to keep his pupils quiet. She evidently feared that the auditory had closed their ears to her charmers, as though half their efforts remained to be made. At this moment Mr Goodson, senior, sounded one of the strings of his bass, as if by accident, which had the desired effect of reminding the hostess that the time for him and his son to show off ought to be considered as having arrived. She took the hint, and presently we were so severely assailed by the tuning of fiddles, that some stopped their conversation, and others their ears. A trio by Beethoven followed, Maria Goodson taking the piano part, and much to the horror of Mr Sawyer, who, after a few bars, declared that he could not conscientiously remain to hear his favourite composer so foully mangled, and left the room with precipitation. Fearing our noises had driven the honest man out of the house, hospitality demanded I should follow, and endeavour to apologise and detain him to supper. I did so, and found that my fears were fast being realised, for he was inquiring for his hat.

I had taken a sudden liking to the old musician, and persuaded him to have a short *à-tête* with me in my study; for I was sure something was radically wrong either in my wife's arrangements, or in the performances of her guests, and was desirous of enlightenment

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on the subject. 'The fact is,' began Mr Sawyer, when we got into the sanctum, 'the present generation mistake altogether the aim and end of domestic music. It is the common practice to make attempts which can never be realized. Instead of being content with such compositions as are within their powers, they murder music which was originally written for the most eminent and skilful performers of the age, and thus beget a disgust for the higher flights of musical genius amongst many listeners who would otherwise enjoy and cultivate it.' 'But surely there are some amateurs who are able to perform the best music creditably?'

'Very few; for the incessant application required to make a good practical musician would encroach too largely upon studies which are far more necessary for young people just entering life. Besides, music may be very good, and still simple; such being the class of compositions best adapted to amateurs, because they are able to perform it creditably to themselves, and with pleasure to their hearers.' A new idea broke in upon me as regards my own children, and having received sufficient information to enable me to take a new course for their future musical studies, we returned to the drawing-room.

There we found a great change. All was silence and attention; the cause of it appeared to be, that Miss Mackintosh had consented to sing. Now, this young lady was the daughter of our most 'influential' guest, and as every one in the room had been made fully aware that her father was a baronet, they felt bound to accord to her every attention. The song having been chosen, it became a question who should accompany her voice on the piano-forte. Several were asked, and all declined. Miss Pollewe made it a point, she said, never to play music she had never practised. This puzzled me. 'Surely,' I remarked, 'a young lady who can move her fingers so rapidly can play *anything* which may be put before her.' Mr Sawyer smiled, and hinted his belief, that although our governess, by dint of meretricious trickery, could rattle over the keys with great rapidity, 'yet she cannot, in all probability, *read* a bar of music correctly at first sight.' And this the event proved; for, dreading her deficiency might be detected, Miss Pollewe trusted to our ignorance, and consented to play; but she filled the symphony of Miss Mackintosh's song with so many mistakes, that the trembling singer could not begin. I persuaded my friend to fly to the rescue, which he did, and the beautiful air came out from under his experienced fingers with great expression. The fair singer's voice was not a strong one, but plaintive. The words of the song were by Burns, and were heard as distinctly as if they had been spoken; the singer threw her feelings into the melody, and the pleasure I felt at her performance I cannot describe. Though old and unsentimental, I could scarcely refrain from tears. Nor was I the only person thus affected. Even the superfine instrumentalists and Italian singers stood spell-bound. Miss Mackintosh was unanimously desired to sing the same song again, to which she consented with graceful readiness.

The beauty of the Scotch ballad was rendered more palpable by what followed. Mr Bumble, having been requested to exert his vocal powers, did so to the fullest extent, by singing a flourishing Italian scene with a degree of vociferation almost deafening. Though the piano-forte accompaniment was nearly as loud as Miss Pollewe's performance, he completely drowned it. People tried to converse with each other about the middle of the deafening display, but gave the attempt up as hopeless.

Wishing to hear more of the kind of music which had so much pleased, I got permission for Miss Parker to give a specimen. Nearly the same effect was produced as that achieved by the Scotch lady; and I began to think—as I knew my cousin was ignorant of music—that to learn that science was a detriment rather than otherwise. This notion was almost confirmed, when I exclaimed to Miss Mackintosh, while taking her

down to supper, 'What a contrast your and my cousin's style of singing present to that of my daughter! Of course you have learned the art for a very long time?'

'I never had a lesson in my life,' replied the lady.

Supper passed off, and when the ladies retired, we had songs. I enjoyed them extremely. Why should this be? Why should the musical efforts of my friends have been so unendurable in the drawing-room, and so pleasing after supper?

'I'll tell you,' said Sawyer; 'they have now sung naturally, without effort, and unshackled by difficulties they are unable to conquer. Nature surmounts what a limited amount of art only mars.'

'Then, according to that theory, all the fees I have paid Clotilda's singing-master have been thrown away.'

'By no means, if she would condescend to bring what has been taught her to bear upon music which is within the scope of her vocal powers and musical knowledge. In like manner, your son, if he would oblige us with a simple melody on his flute, will, by the same rule, please us much better than he did by the overture to *Zauberflöte*.'

The guests now rose to depart, and so ended our grand concert. We never gave another. We have parted with Miss Pollewe; and Clotilda has packed away all her Italian pieces, and practises native songs.

PARALLEL IDEAS OF NATIONS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In the first paper under this title,* it was shown that many of these ideas had probably a distinct origin, the common character being in such instances simply the result of a common human nature arrived at similar conditions, and working under similar suggestive circumstances. It was at the same time admitted that there were frequent instances of an opposite nature; that is to say, many ideas, productions of the imagination, styles of art, and peculiarities in customs and manners, are the same in nations geographically separated, because these nations have been derived either one from the other, or from some common source. Some of the facts illustrating this latter proposition are extremely curious, and they are so, very much in consequence of one important circumstance, namely, that most of what is refined, and great, and prominent about a nation, is of date posterior to the commencement of its distinct existence, and therefore apt to be peculiar; while the points which are common are to be found chiefly in the humble and obscure walks of the lower orders, or of children. These are classes of the community amongst whom fewer changes take place than among any other; and, more than this, things which in an early stage of society belong to the higher and more enlightened class, are in time gradually left to simple swains and denizens of the nursery. There is here a curious and instructive progress. In a nation's infancy the strong and wise are looked on as superior beings, and become objects of worship. In the next stage they are only the subjects of poetry, though as such still interesting to all. Finally, they sink into the heroes of cottage and nursery fire-side tales, the educated intellects of the nation having meanwhile gone on to subjects of worship and reflection of a totally different nature.

These remarks will have prepared the reader for some illustrations of the principle from our common nursery literature. The story of *Jack the Giant Killer* must be too familiar to require anything like an abridgment in this place; but we may remind the studious public of one of the adventures. *Jack* travels into Flintshire, where he receives a night's lodging from a Welsh giant with two heads, whom he overhears saying, as he marshals the way to the guest's apartment—

Though you lodge here with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out—quite.

"Say you so?" says Jack; "is that one of your Welsh tricks? I hope to be as cunning as you." Getting out of bed, he found a thick billet, and laid it in the bed in his stead, and hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the dead of night came the giant with his club, and struck several blows on the bed where Jack had artfully laid the billet, and then returned to his own room, supposing that he had broken all Jack's bones. In the morning early, Jack came to thank him for his lodging. "Oh," said the giant, "how have you rested? Did you see anything last night?" "No," said Jack; "but a rat gave me three or four slaps with his tail."

It will be learned with some surprise that this particular incident in Jack's career, and the joke of the rat's tail, are derived either directly or indirectly from a common source with a story of the giant Skrimmer and the Scandinavian demi-god Thor, which is related in an ancient specimen of the literature of the north of Europe, the Edda of Snorro. Thor and Skrimmer travelling together, the latter lies down to sleep under an oak. Thor, being anxious to get quit of his companion, struck him with his tremendous hammer. "Hath a leaf fallen upon me from the tree?" exclaimed the awakened giant. The giant soon fell asleep again, and snored as if it had thundered in the forest. Thor struck at him again, and, as he thought, the hammer made a mortal indentation in the giant's forehead. "What is the matter?" quoth Skrimmer; "hath an acorn fallen on my head?" A third time the potent giant snored, and a third time did the hammer descend, and with such force, that Thor fairly believed he had buried the iron in Skrimmer's temples. "Methinks," said Skrimmer, rubbing his cheek, "some moss hath fallen on my face." Thor might well be amazed at the escape of the giant; but Skrimmer, exactly like our friend Jack, had outwitted his enemy by placing an immense rock upon the leafy couch where Thor supposed he was sleeping, and which received the blows of the hammer instead.

After this curious coincidence, it will scarcely be surprising to the readers, old or young, of this little romance, that to trace it in its entirety and its parts through all the channels of antiquity by which it has reached us, might be the subject of a volume, and that by no means an uninteresting one. According to Scott, Jack's history is a popular and degraded version of the traditions on which some of the metrical romances of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are founded. "The Mount of Cornwall," which was kept by a large and monstrous giant, is St Michael's Mount; and the giant Corinoran, whom Jack despatched there, and who was eighteen feet high, and about three yards round, is the same who figures in the romance of Tristan. Jack's invisible cap and coat, his sword which cut through everything, and his shoes of swiftness, all of which articles he obtained by jockeyship from a giant, figure in the early fiction of our Teutonic ancestors. Nor is this all: two of the articles at least can be traced also into oriental fiction, probably their original source, as the following extract from the Calmuck romance of *Tsidi Kur will justify*:

"Now, the son of the Chan and his trusty servant travelled along a river and arrived in a wood, where they met many children, who were quarrelling with each other. "Why do you dispute?" said they. "We have found a cap in this wood, and each of us wishes to keep it." "What is the use of the cap?" "The cap has this virtue, that who wears it is seen neither by the gods, nor men, nor Tchadkurras." "Now, go ye all to the end of the forest, and run hither. And I will keep the cap, and I will give it to him who first reaches this spot, and wins the race." So spake the son of the Chan, and the children ran; but when they came back they could not find the cap, for he had placed it on the head of his companion, and they sought for it in vain. And the son of the Chan and his companion travelled onwards, and they came to a

forest wherein they met many Tchadkurras who were quarrelling with each other. "Why do you thus dispute?" said they. "It is I," exclaimed each Tchadkurr, "to whom these boots belong." "What is the use of the boots?" "He who wears these boots," answered the Tchadkurras, "is conveyed to any country wherein he wishes himself." "Now," said the son of the Chan, "go all of you that way, and he who first runs hither shall obtain the boots." And the Tchadkurras ran the race accordingly. But the Chan's son had concealed the boots in the bosom of his companion, who at the same time had the cap upon his head. And the Tchadkurras sought the boots, but they found them not, and they went away.

We now come to another nursery hero, the famous Mr Thomas Thumb, as Mr Newbery might have called him, whom we likewise find to be a person of very ancient and most respectable descent. He is the *Thaumlin* (that is, Little Thumb) of Scandinavian fiction, a regular dwarf or dwarf of the mythology of that country. And Thaumlin is the same with a person familiar in ballad and tale amongst ourselves under the various names of Tom of the Lin, Thomin, Tam Lene, &c. Tam Lene is a ballad of fairy incident, which Scott has printed in his *Border Minstrelsy*, and which is localised at Carterhaugh, in Selkirkshire. Thom of Lyn is spoken of as popular air in the curious book called the *Complaint of Scotland*, printed in 1548; and in an early English play—*The Longer that Livest the more Fool thou Art*—a character sings, amongst other songs, the adventures of Tom a Lin in a humorous but somewhat less decorous strain. The Germans have their popular story, like ours, under the title of *Dawmeling*; that is, Little Thumb, though with no adventures in common, except the misfortune of his being swallowed by a dun cow. The Danes have a little book called *Seend Tomling, et Meneske ikke större end en Tommedfinger*, &c. (that is, Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who should be married to a woman three ells and a quarter long). This tale also contains adventures not found in the English version. Our Tom Thumb was originally a ballad, of which we only find one passage quoted. It alludes to a trick of Tom's, in which he took

Black pots and glasses, which he hung
Upon a bright sunbeam.

The other boys, to do the same,
In pieces broke them quite;
For which they were most soundly whipt,
At which he laughed outright.

Now, this incident figures in the hagiography of the middle ages; it is found not only in the spurious Gospels, but also in the legend of St Columbanus, who as we are told, performed a similar miracle, by hanging his garment on a sunbeam.

In the superstitions of nations, there is, as might be expected, much that is common. We have not room on the present occasion to enlarge upon this subject; but we cannot refrain from mentioning a curious circumstance which we have recently learned with regard to it. In the article on the parish of Sandsting and Aithating (Shetland), in the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, mention is made of the following among other superstitions:—"When a person has received a sprain, it is customary to apply to an individual practised in casting the *wrestling thread*. This is a thread spun from black wool, on which are cast nine knots, and tied round a sprained leg or arm. During the time the operator is putting the thread round the affected limb, he says, but in such a tone of voice as not to be heard by the bystanders, nor even by the person operated upon.

The lord rade,
And the foal slade;
He lighted,
And he righted.
Set joint to joint,
Bone to bone,
And shew to shew,
Heal in the Hely Ghost's name!"

This lately came, through our humble means, under the attention of the celebrated grammarian, Jacob Grimm, who has consequently been able to explain an analogous German charm of the tenth century.

Several of our ballads have in like manner counterparts on the continent. There is one called in the Border Minstrelsy 'Lord Ronald my Son,' and relating the death of a youth by poison given to him by his 'true love'—for in old ballads ladies are true loves in all circumstances—which is repeated in a more childish form under the title of the 'Croodlin Doo,' in which case the victim is a child poisoned by its step-mother; and this story appears in the German nursery as 'Grandmother Addercock,' being nearly word for word the same as our own ballad. The Danes have a collection of ballads, called the 'Kampe Viser,' which was printed in 1591, and there we find several of the ditties still most popular in Scotland, as 'Lady Jane, Fair Annie, &c.: in some cases, whole verses appear to be literal translations of each other. Even the little prose recitals which are to be heard from every old woman by a cottage fireside in Scotland, are, it appears, but echoes of early fabliaux, of which other versions are to be found amongst other northern nations.

In the former article, we demurred to the supposition that the civilised people of Central America had derived their architecture from the Egyptians, and this partly because there were real differences between the styles, and partly because it was not easy to see how the Americans, admitting them to have moved from Tartary or Thibet, could have directly taken such features of art from a people seated in Africa. Nor do the forms of architecture appear to us a sufficiently arbitrary thing to give any decided improbability to the idea of their having been conceived in separate portions of the human family without prompting. At the same time, it is incontestable that some ideas common to the Americans, and certain nations of the elder continent, are of a nature with which this idea is irreconcileable. It requires a nice judgment to distinguish between instances of ideas where community of origin is unavoidable, and where the resemblance is explicable on other grounds. Humboldt has pointed out some striking resemblances between the Egyptian and the American modes of reckoning time. Both had a year of 365 days, divided into months, which left five days over. As every nation did not attain to such correctness, this is a little striking; yet, after all, it is the real number of entire days in a year, or revolution of the earth in its orbit—a fact which any nation of sufficient intelligence might ascertain. Then there are differences: the Egyptians had twelve months of thirty days each, the Mexicans eighteen months of twenty days: the Mexicans made up for the odd six hours per annum by putting in thirteen days at the end of every fifty-two years (equivalent to our one day every four years); but the Egyptians not only did not intercalate, but took their kings bound at their accession not to sanction such a practice. Hence the seasons went on changing for 1461 years, at the end of which time they commenced anew from the same point; and these 1461 years formed with them what was called the Sothic Period. Humboldt remarks, as a curious coincidence, that the number of weeks or half lunations in the Mexican cycle of 52 years is 1461, being the same number as the years of the Sothic Period of the Egyptians; but to us this appears as something unavoidable in the mere arithmetic of the two modes of reckoning. The chronology, then, we would say, presents no evidence of national affinity. It is different with the astronomy. The zodiac of the Americans bears so striking a resemblance to that of the Tartars and Hindoos, and that in matters so purely capricious—the signs of the tiger, hare, serpent, monkey, dog, and bird, occurring in the same relative places—that their common origin cannot be a matter of the slightest doubt. But by far the most incontestable evidence of a connection between the nations of

the two continents, is that found in their languages. Even here some caution is necessary; for example, the appellations White Water and Black Water are common in the British islands; in Scotland, there are streams so called in Berwickshire, besides the Avon Dhu (that is, black river), an old name for the Forth; in Ireland, there is the Ban (that is, white river) in the north, and also the Black Water in the south; and so on. Now, among the Africans, the Niger is called Uchimini-fu-fu (that is, white water), and the Chadha Uchimini-du-du (that is, dark water). Here the resemblance of the appellations is, we would say, merely the result of similar natural appearances. But philological inquirers reckon up a hundred and seventy words in the language, which, with some variations, pervades the whole of aboriginal America; three-fifths of which words are found in the languages of eastern Asia, and the remaining two-fifths in the languages of Africa and Europe. This subject has of late received some curious and valuable illustration from a work by Mr Arthur James Johnes, which we cordially recommend to public notice.* Mr Johnes selects a few of the most familiar ideas amongst mankind, and shows how many of the words for these ideas in the African, Asiatic, and European languages, are like those applied to the same objects in America. We find, for instance, the following words for *father*:—oss, North American; ozha, Slavonian; otze, Dalmatian:—a *woman*—panum, North American; banen, Cornish; been, Welsh; pin (applied to animals), Chinese:—*night*—nukon, North American; nux, Greek; noc, Polish. *Sleep* is in Greek *hypnos*: we have a by-word for it in *nap*: the North American Indian has *nipu*. The pronouns in the Mandan tongue bear striking resemblance to those of European and Asiatic languages. Take also the following resemblances:—*Hor*, the god of day, Egyptian; *Hora*, time, Greek; and *Huarasi*, sun and day, Omaguans of South America. *Tonih*, fire, North Africa; *Tein*, fire, Gaelic; *Tenide*, fire, Algonquin, North America. *Dalkah*, a day, Middle Africa; *Talkon*, a day, extreme north-west of North America.

Even where the synomyms of distant regions appear very little, or not at all alike, they can sometimes be connected by intermediate words from other languages, partaking of the character of both, thus showing their common derivation. And similar connections are made out with regard to the grammatical structures of the various languages of the earth; a point of discrepancy on which still greater stress has hitherto been laid by those who have leant to the doctrine of a radical diversity and distinctness of origin for these languages.†

It seems to be clear, from all that has been brought forward, though it is but a scanning of what might be, that, while many of the things common to nations are so by virtue of similar faculties working to similar purposes, and in similar circumstances, there are others which only could have come from a common source or origin, or been derived immediately the one from the other. It requires, however, some sagacity to distinguish the one class of things from the other. In the one class, it is true, all is general; in the other everything is arbitrary. In the one case we see the common powers and dispositions of human nature operating upon objects everywhere the same; in the other we see only peculiar products of particular minds, such as may have been suggested by accidental circumstances, or elicited under the influence of special oddities or directions of character. But yet there is not wanting

* 'Philological Proofs of the Original Unity and Recent Origin of the Human Race.' By Arthur James Johnes, Esq. Samuel Clarke, London: 1843.

† In a paper upon Languages which appeared in the Journal, No. 548, we assumed as proved that there were four or five sets of languages altogether diverse in words and in grammatical structure, and therefore inferred that the nations represented by those sets of tongues must have separated while they had scarcely any language in common. Mr Johnes's book has induced us, in some degree, to modify this opinion.

evidence to show how two different minds, distant in time and in place, and which could have held no communication with each other, will often hit upon the same idea, even though it may be of the character of a conceit. For example, Wycherley, the English dramatist of the seventeenth century, says in his comedy of the *Plain Dealer*, 'I weigh the man, not his title: 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears. Everybody will remember the passage in Burns—

'The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

It is most unlikely that Burns ever read Wycherley. Still, it is possible; and we therefore pass from this instance. Another: In *Cupid's Whirligig*, published in 1607, occurs this passage:—'Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.' We need scarcely adduce the parallel thought of the same poet—

'Her prentice hand she tried on man;
And then she made the lasses, O.'

Certainly there is hardly the slightest possibility of Burns having ever seen or read *Cupid's Whirligig*. The more probable solution of the problem is, that these ideas belong to the class which we have spoken of as excogitations possible—things which are within the range of human thought, and may therefore arise in two minds with like originality. What, we think, makes this view almost irresistible, is a third instance of parallelism in Burns, where the likelihood of a borrowing is still less than in any of the above cases, while it must be seen that the existence of a third instance of such an extraordinary kind is in itself tolerably good evidence. The Scottish bard, it will be remembered, burlesqued his provincial publisher Wilson, by an epithet entitled, *On Wee John*:

'Whoever thou art, O reader know
That Death has murdered John;
And here his body lies fu' low—
For sain, he never had ony!'

In a rare old work, *Nuga Venales, sive Thesaurus riddendi et jocandi*, &c., bearing date 1663, but no place or publisher's name, is a Latin epigram turning upon exactly the same jest:

Oh Deus omnipotens, vitiali miserere Joannis,
Quem mors preveniens non sinit esse boyem:
Corpus in Italiis est, habet intestina Brabantus,
At animam nems: Cur? quia non habuit.

With such instances before our eyes, we cannot but see the greatest reason for caution in saying what is accidental resemblance, and what the result of communication.

WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART II.

Mrs JOSEPH SMITH was by no means celebrated for early rising; and on the morning after the incidents which we have related, she did not descend to the breakfast table till her husband had half finished his breakfast.

'You had better ring, my dear,' he said, 'and have some fresh tea made.'

'You know I never take tea. Now, when did you ever see me take tea? You are so very forgetful; you know I always take chocolate.'

'So much the better, my love,' replied the good-tempered husband, 'for then my being obliged to hurry into town will not inconvenience you.'

'It is very disagreeable to breakfast alone,' she muttered.

'Then you might rise earlier,' he said quietly. Mrs Smith opened wide her bright round eyes. Mr Smith followed up the stroke bravely. 'No household was

ever governed well where the mistress lies in bed till noon.' The poor man was fearful he had gone too far, said too much, hurt her feelings; and as he really loved the pretty fool, who seemed to lack the instinctive knowledge of caring for her own happiness, he paused, and added, 'Surely, my love, illness cannot be your excuse, for in all my life I never saw you look better than you do at this moment.'

'Look better?' repeated the little lady—'look better! So much for man's consistency of opinion. Why, look at this dress: you always said this dress disfigured me—that you hated it—that was the reason why I put it on this morning; and now you say I am looking well.'

'A proof you look well in everything, my dear,' said Mr Smith, tapping his second egg.

'You are breaking that egg at the wrong end, Mr Smith,' recommended the provoking wife; 'it is very odd you cannot remember that the round end is the end to break an egg. Well, it is strange; you know how these little things annoy me, yet you persist in doing them.'

Mr Smith suppressed an expression which rose to his lips, as he had done many things, for peace' sake; but he also continued breaking the egg at the sharp end, and having eaten it, rang the bell. 'Do not forget to stop the omnibus,' he said to the servant.

'The bus you go by, sir, to the city has been gone an hour: I told you the time, sir, while you were reading,' replied the servant.

Mr Smith was provoked, perhaps, with himself, but he looked first at the servant and then at his wife, who was breaking her toast into very small particles, and throwing it at the little spaniel. 'Well,' she exclaimed, 'that was not my fault, I'm sure. I had nothing to do with your delay!'

'I did not say you had, Mrs Smith,' he answered.

'No, but you looked—you looked, sir?' Then, with a perfect change of voice, she whined out, 'God help us poor women! We little know what we may live to endure!'

'Stuff!' murmured the provoked gentleman, drawing on his gloves, and marching out of the room.

Mr Smith poised her spoon over her cup of chocolate. 'He will hardly go,' she thought, 'without saying good-by; he never did that yet.' She listened, and certainly the hall door did not either open or shut. His step paused—it returned—a smile of petty triumph agitated her lips. No, he went up stairs. The smile, however, increased, for she knew he would look in as he came down. He did look in.

'Can I do anything in the city for you?'

Mrs Smith sipped her chocolate, as if unconscious of her husband's presence or his words.

'Elizabeth, do you want anything from the city?'

'If I did, you would forget to bring it.'

'Well, perhaps so. I shall be home to dinner at five.'

'I wish—though I suppose it is little use my wishing—but I do wish that you would sometimes dine at the club. Now, last night, if you had invited those men to dine with you at the club, you would have enjoyed yourself more, and I should not have felt the poor castaway I did.' Mrs Smith intended this as a bit of touching eloquence, but she had undermined her own influence by a system of annoyance which some women fancy augments, when it really destroys, their power.

'Are you in earnest?' inquired Mr Smith, advancing into the room, and looking steadily at his wife—'are you in earnest in saying that you wish I would dine at the club?'

'Why, yes; you would get better dinners there; and you are hard to please in that way,' and she looked down at her chocolate with a pretty mincing expression of countenance.

'Very well, Elizabeth,' he replied, 'I will dine there to-day. It is at your request; my memory will be clear enough to remember that; and without another word he left the house, and his lady to the exercise of her temper and imagination. While Elizabeth Smith was thinking her small thoughts, and arranging her small ways, Made-

line Mansfield was seated by her husband's side ; his face was turned from her, so as to conceal what he did not wish her to observe.

'What you say, Madeline,' he answered at last to much that she had spoken — 'what you say is true ; I grant you that ; but it is impossible. If I were to change my style of living, it would be talked of at the clubs, where things small, as well as things great, are canvassed, the one with as much eagerness as the other. My credit would be shaken.'

'It is shaken already, Mansfield,' she interrupted. 'Now do not shrink from or shudder at it ; I know it is shaken. If it were not, do you think I should have heard it ? But shrinking will not re-establish it, nor will bravado ; difficulties must be encountered, to be overcome. I am sure,' she added with admirable tact, 'I have heard you say as many times — be they as bad as they can be, they must be met ?'

'You are going out of your usual track,' said her husband in a severe voice, and evidently anxious to escape from her and from himself.

'I am doing,' she replied, 'as I have ever done ; I am following in yours. I have shared your heart, Mansfield, and your prosperity ; and if adversity —'

'Why,' he interrupted — 'why say if adversity ? Madeline, you are a very raven this morning. Who dared to speak of adversity ? It cannot come. Your marriage settlement would protect you and our child. Adversity ! — like all women, you speak as if a temporary inconvenience were decided ruin. Who has dared to bandy my name in this manner ?' He rose from his chair, and seizing his hat, would have left the room, had not his wife prevented him.

'You will not hear me, Mansfield, will not confide in me ; but although you do not know me, you believe in me. You know I would not breathe, much less tell an untruth. I will not detain you : only this, whatever may occur, there is my settlement to prop your credit. I can live and rejoice in poverty, but I could not bear your tarnished name. Do not hesitate to consider mine, in every sense of the word, *yours*. If you would only allow me, there are a thousand things I could retrench in.'

Mr Mansfield looked at her steadily, and then said, 'Would you consent to relinquish this house ?'

'Most willingly — house, carriage, all — go to a suburban cottage at once. There would be nothing strange in that. I have been ill, and need change, and pure air, and quiet. Indeed that would be no sacrifice,' was her reply in a cheerful voice.

'Would you take our boy and go abroad,' he persisted, 'for two or three years ?'

Madeline's colour came and went rapidly. 'Without you ?' she faltered.

'Certainly — there would be nothing strange in your going abroad ; the boy would improve rapidly in languages ; and you would (if the crisis came which you consider so inevitable) avoid much pain.'

'Mansfield !' exclaimed Madeline, panting in her utterance, 'why will you speak thus, as if we could have a divided interest ? I could not. I do not want to avoid pain. Even if I loved you not, the sacred bond that binds us would prevent it. Anything but that, Mansfield ;' and she added, while a faint smile struggled on her lips, 'I am sure you did not mean it.'

'We have met so seldom of late,' he answered, 'that I should not think you could feel it so much.' He did not venture to look at his wife after these cold words ; if he had, his heart, always movable, must have turned with love and sympathy towards the struggling agony which she sought to repress. And it was agony only she sought to overcome. No desire to return pain for pain arose from her generous heart ; nor had she occasion, in this great sorrow, to resort to the talismanic proverb which had so often taught her, on less trying occasions, to 'forbear.'

'We have met seldom, certainly,' she said, and the composure of her manner and the trembling of her

voice were at sad variance ; 'and I confess that I have suffered much in consequence ; but I knew, day by day, that you were well ; I knew you were amused. If I did not always see you, I heard your voice or your step ; and if you did not come, I could still expect you ; but I cannot leave you. I have never been officious — never craved for attention, highly as I valued it — never, never disturbed your arrangements, or pushed myself into secrets which it would have given you pain to have revealed. Oh, Mansfield ! let what will happen, do not thrust me from you.' The idea of parting from her husband overcame every other feeling ; and her deep and earnest love, which Mansfield felt he was every-way unworthy of, recalled much of his past affection. He left her with the assurance of attending to her wishes, of steadily investigating his affairs, of looking all difficulties in the face boldly and at once, and, above all, promising never to hint even at the idea of their separation again. All this, and more, he promised, and all this he intended at the moment to perform ; but when his cab drove from the door, Madeline felt the oak upon which she leaned changing into a reed ; for all her love could not blind her to the fact of Mansfield's vacillation. It was well that she had the truest Comforter to resort to. She knew that a married woman ought to have no friend, in the highest acceptance of the word — no one to whom she can open her heart fully and entirely — except her husband. Her mother was dead, and her only near relative — a warm-hearted old bachelor uncle — Uncle Oliver — had all the confidence she deemed it right to give to any ; but she had no thought of complaining of her husband to any human being.

Before the sound of Mr Mansfield's wheels had died on his wife's ears, her faith in his promises was gone. It was in vain she recalled them ; and the experience of the days and weeks that followed, only proved the total want of firmness of purpose in him she loved. Instead of retrenching, he seemed to rush more wildly than ever he had done before through the whirl of the world ; and her inquiries were avoided with a wild burst of gaiety, or some bitter words, which were only replied to by unseen tears. She frequently blamed herself for not more firmly withholding what she considered wrong ; but her position was one of extreme difficulty. If she were sure of her husband's affection, she would have been better able to stem the destruction, whose course she watched as the devoted villagers watch the stream of lava that must overwhelm them in the end. Sometimes his mad gaiety would flash like a meteor through the house ; at others he was so moody, so reserved, so evidently in a state of mental and bodily suffering, that all she could do was to attend to and console him ; and this he would not always permit. She was watching for him one night — longing for, yet dreading the knock that would announce his arrival — when the servant brought her a letter, a few hurried lines, saying he was suddenly called by business to Antwerp, but she should hear from him in a few days. A line at the bottom of the scrawl implored Heaven to bless her and her child. The next day passed. She told her servant she would not be at home to any one. She might have spared the command, for no one called ; it was a damp, misty, chilling day ; the fog entered the drawing-room, and spread its hazy curtain over the looking-glasses, and mirrors, and windows, and crept about the marble tables and bronzes, making them feel clammy to the touch.

The following day was bright, and full of sunshine : she ordered her carriage, and drove into the Park. She was seeking refuge from herself. She bowed eagerly to all she knew, and her salutations were always respectfully and warmly returned ; but she thought people seemed astonished to see her there. Why, she could not tell, but she pulled the check and said 'Home.' Her uncle was in the drawing-room ; she saw his face at the window, where she had looked expecting to see her boy ; but before she was on the stairs, the old gen-

leman met her—nay more, he kissed her, and led her into the library. There was something so melancholy in his eyes as he gazed on her, that she felt suffocated; and unclasping her cloak, and throwing back her bonnet, she said, as calmly as she could—‘ You have something more, dear uncle, than mere town-talk to tell me to-day. Is Mansfield ill?’

‘ The rascal! ’ exclaimed Uncle Oliver—‘ the most desperate rascal! ’

‘ You are sure he is not ill?’ she persisted, greatly relieved, and for a moment losing sight of the injurious epithet in her deep anxiety for him she loved.

‘ Ill!—not he—such rascals are never ill.’

‘ Thank God! ’ she ejaculated; and covering her face with her hands, sobbed bitterly for a few moments.

‘ I wish,’ thought Uncle Oliver, as he paced up and down the room—‘ I wish I knew exactly what I ought to say, and what I ought to do. With any other woman, the difficulty would be how to keep her down; but with her, it will be how to get her up.’

‘ Don’t cry, Madeline; don’t cry,’ he said at last; ‘ I am sure the involvements are greatly exaggerated; and, after all, there is not so much to regret, for he was never at home; so cheer up, my dear niece. I should be as happy as a prince,’ he muttered to himself; ‘ quite, if she would only call him a rascal.’

‘ Whatever there is to tell,’ she said, ‘ tell me now; I can bear it. I would not seek any whom we know, lest I should hear ill of him. I dreaded lest some one should come and tell me evil; but I do not mind you—I never minded you, Uncle Oliver.’

The old man looked sadly perplexed; he did not know how to say what he felt he must communicate. He began by talking of Mr Mansfield’s embarrassments, and follies, and extravagances. All these, Madeline assured him, he might spare himself to mention: she knew all. Yea, she believed every one; and she thought she saw a clear and direct way to avert the disgrace, though not the ruin. Her relative looked astonished. ‘ Then you know,’ he inquired, ‘ the cause of his journey; do you not?’

‘ Business, uncle, I suppose; business,’ was her answer.

‘ Most villainous business,’ he said. ‘ Have you never had a suspicion that he loved you less than formerly?—have you had no reason to believe why?’

Madeline grew pale. ‘ It cannot be, uncle,’ she said, ‘ that you come to me, in this hour of trial, to insult me by the gossiping reports of the town?’

He placed a letter in her hands; it was directed to him from her husband, signed by his name, entreating him to go at once to ‘ poor Madeline,’ and cursing his evil destiny. It left no doubt as to who was the companion of his flight; no doubt as to his having violated the laws of God and man. Madeline folded up the letter deliberately, but, in the act of returning it to her uncle, she fell on the floor. There was neither scream nor tear; she fell as one struck off the life-roll into eternity. When she recovered her reason, she asked if Mr Oliver were in the house. He was soon by her side; but, contrary to his expectations, contrary to his hopes, deep and bitter as were Mrs Mansfield’s feelings, no word of censure towards her husband escaped her lips.

‘ I am not able to think yet,’ she said; ‘ I can only feel; but to-morrow I shall be better. Come to me to-morrow at two, and pray for me, dear uncle; I need the prayers of all the good and gracious creatures in the world.’ The poor old gentleman brushed many tears away from his furrowed cheeks, and drove immediately to those who could give him information as to the real state of Mansfield’s affairs. He found they were by no means in so bad a state as he had heard at first; that if the heedless man had possessed the moral courage to investigate them steadily, some outlay at the present, and retrenchment for the future, would bring them round. But it was in vain he sought to discover what spell could have deprived Mansfield of his reason, and tempted him to outrage all

laws as he had done; indeed Mr. Oliver was so incensed at Mansfield, that he seemed to retain only what told most against him. And what was there that did not tell against him? That a foreigner, whose code of morals falls far short of our English standard, and whose profession extracts the blush from the purest cheek that braves the glare of foot-lights and men’s eyes—that such a one should have admired the gay, the witty, the handsome Mansfield, was no wonder. She had no position to sacrifice, no scruple to overcome; but that he should have been so infatuated, was past all understanding. The next morning, although he was rather before than after his appointment, Mrs Mansfield had been in consultation for some hours with her husband’s ‘ man of business.’ When she rose to meet her uncle, he was shocked at the change which a few hours had wrought; but she was perfectly calm, and the lofty purpose that filled her mind imparted a more than usual dignity to her manner. She left the room to procure some papers, and the lawyer, addressing her uncle, said, ‘ Her going out, sir, is a relief to me. I never understood what woman could do before. She gives up the *whole* of her own property—the *whole*, sir, without reserve, to free her husband; and this, mind you, *unconditionally*. She is devoted, heart and soul, to save his credit—never thinks of the privations, or the loss of position, or the confined means, which they must submit to for some years.’

‘ Not of her child?’ questioned the old gentleman.

‘ I spoke of him,’ was the reply, ‘ and she said the proudest event of her life was being able to save his father’s name from reproach.’

‘ Her head is not cool!’ exclaimed her uncle. ‘ No woman’s head can be cool whose life has been one entire sacrifice to an ungrateful rascal, working up her maxim of “ bear and forbear ” until it brings—’

‘ Peace in the end, believe me,’ added Madeline, who had returned unperceived by her uncle. ‘ Believe me, whatever I suffer, I shall be greatly rewarded—rewarded as women deserve to be, when they do their duty.’

‘ Duty! ’ repeated Uncle Oliver—‘ duty! Stuff! A scoundrel, to desert—’

‘ Uncle, uncle,’ interposed Madeline; ‘ this house is his—I am his wife; and before me no one—not even you, who are my nearest and dearest kinsman—not even you—shall utter one disrespectful word of my husband.’

The lawyer thought it better to withdraw, promising to do everything that could be done, and to see her again as soon as possible. Uncle Oliver remonstrated, and stormed, or tried to storm; but his anger dissolved under the influence of her gentle words. She could not, indeed, trust herself to name her husband’s name; but she spoke of what a happy thing it was that she could do so much; and she intreated her uncle to bear with her if he loved her, and to believe that she should yet be very happy—and here tears denied the assertion of her lips—and she would have said a great deal more perhaps, avoiding, yet returning to the subject of her sorrow, when she heard Mrs Joseph Smith’s voice upon the stairs, and hastily retired into another room.

Mrs Smith hoped her cousin would see her. How sorry she was; every one said how it would be from the first, with her yielding quiet way, suffering herself to be trampled on, grudging herself every little indulgence, while for gloves and flowers alone Mr Mansfield squandered in one day upon ‘ the creature’ eight-and-thirty pounds. She would take care not to be such a patient fool; and so ran on the little lady, repeating all, or at least all she had heard of, the *on dit* of the town, concerning what, fresh as it was at that moment, would never extend to a nine days’ wonder. Now, Uncle Oliver could find fault with Mrs Mansfield himself, and say more than Lizzy had ventured to say, but he would suffer no one else to do so. He told her that if the town talked of Madeline’s forbearance, they would never have an opportunity of talking of *hers*; and that she was more inclined, if ‘ the town’ said truly, to emulate the gentlewoman than the lady. He read her a long

lecture ; told her she had cast God's goodness from her ; and ended by offering to see her home, 'where she would,' he added, 'do well to remain more constantly, except when escorted thence by her husband.' Indeed it was painful to see how the easy quiet nature of Mr Smith, disturbed out of its usual course by the perpetual annoyances of a silly wife, sought the comfortable refuge of his gilded club, soaking away existence, and becoming more and more attached to the creature-comforts, as opposed to the intellectual—which clubs are the nurseries. He became perhaps, on the whole, as little inclined to bear as she to forbear ; in all domestic matters, instead of drawing together, running full tilt against each other ; sometimes with only straws, it is true, but still opposed. Mrs Smith was ever whining about her husband's continual absence from home ; and when he did come, he more than once expressed his displeasure, of course at the wrong time, at Mr Orepoint's being installed 'as the friend of the family.' The world began to talk—the ladies, of course, finding fault with the woman, and the gentlemen laughing at both. In this war, begun of nothing, the happiness of both was wrecked.

After a few weeks had passed, Uncle Oliver received an unexpected letter from Mrs Mansfield. She expressed much gratitude to him for the affectionate tenderness he evinced towards her, and continued, 'Finding that my husband will not return to England, yet that we must together sign various papers, so as to realise a sufficient sum of money to discharge all that is necessary, I have determined to go at once to Paris, where I find he is, and let the lawyers meet us (perhaps I should write *me*) there. Is it not unaccountably strange, my dear uncle, that he should persist in refusing to "rob" *me*, as he calls it, when in reality the only jewel I prized—himself—is gone ? Independent of all business-motives, I feel it is my duty to endeavour to win him back. I cannot hope that the love which deserted me, when I was still what he once admired, will return ; but I know that my devotion and desire to make him happy may withdraw him from what, sooner or later, must bring his punishment. In this great trial I have some consolation. I cannot call to mind having ever driven him from home by any disturbing or fretful conduct ; my exceeding love for him made my enjoyment so perfect, that, whatever cause I might have for discontent, vanished at the bare echo of his voice. But although I cannot accuse myself of a word that made him frown, I remember how much he must have lacked amusement from one whose love, so deep, was silent ; and whose anxious thoughtful character, united to delicate health, rendered her an unamusing companion for one so sought after, so admired, so brilliant as Mansfield. Men have greater temptations than ever, of late years, to lure them from their homes. Those garish clubs ! where everything is done to render a man perfectly and entirely independent of his own house ! People little consider how a separation in amusements leads to a separation of interests. I tried to enter into his, and, strange as it will sound to you, though I am now deserted, I feel assured my duties have been so fulfilled, he cannot fail to remember, at one time or other, that there is one sworn his unchanging friend, whose lip never spoke reproach—whose heart never beat but with love for him. I fear you will hardly understand me when I say that in this is my consolation—in this, forsaken as I am now, shall I triumph in the end. Yes, my dear uncle, if women have patience to endure, they may die, but they *must* conquer. Do not mistake me—I mean by *conquer* the achievement of no command, the exercise of no authority ; but I do mean that it will be their exceeding glory to win back the wanderer—to find him return—to save him for time, and through God's blessing, for eternity. This is a Christian woman's triumph—a triumph in which angels will rejoice. I do not say I shall achieve this now with Mansfield—he is still in the toils ; but when passion fades, and reason and affection return, he will return with them. Do not think I do not feel what all

women *must*, under such circumstances ; nor do not give me more merit than I deserve. I love him—that of itself is sufficient to keep me in the path of duty ; but even if I did not, I would, I hope, do from principle what I now do from affection. It is only then I should deserve praise. Poor Mansfield ! he will have that to contend with hereafter that will bitterly try his temper and character—the falling away of summer friends, which, like summer flies, vanish at the first chill of winter—the loneliness and self-reproach—the restricted means—the impossibility of indulgence in tastes and refinements which habit has rendered necessary—the coldness of the few whom he respects. These form his future—a future that would drive him to utter despair, or more degraded sin, unless some haven opened to receive him.'

There was much more, but this was chief. She was already gone when Uncle Oliver received the letter—gone with her child, his maid, and the faithful Lewis.

'Have you heard the news?' exclaimed Mrs Joseph Smith as a lady of her acquaintance entered the drawing-room, and discovered Mr Orepoint holding a skein of worsted which she was winding for her 'crochet.' 'I am really quite half broken-hearted and half ashamed that one so nearly related to me should be so tried, and so lost, because there never *was* anything so foolish. Madeline Mansfield has given up the whole of her marriage settlement to clear away all the debts and things that tormented her good-for-nothing husband. So much ; but *that* is not all. He would not come back to sign the papers which were necessary, and so she is quietly gone to find him. Now, did you ever in all your life hear of such a thing?—putting in practice what we read of in old books—only meant to be read, not done, you know, dear.'

'Most true,' said Mr Orepoint, while working with marvellous industry at the knot in the lamb's-wool.

'I wanted to ask you,' resumed the visitor, 'if there will be an auction at the poor Mansfields?'

'I don't know ; but if there should be, and I could get Smith, by some miracle, into a good humour, I should like that harp—it is such a love !'

'I shall certainly go and see the things, whether I buy or not,' half-yawned Mr Orepoint. 'I always doubted the console-tables being real mosaic ; and I must ascertain, as I have a bet at the club about them.'

'Everything in the house was real,' said Mrs Smith, bridling a little—for she fancied the observation a slap at the family—'I assure you everything in the house was real.'

'Except the happiness,' sneered the man about town—'except the happiness.'

'WANDERINGS OF A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR.'

THE operative tradesmen of Germany—tailors, shoemakers, printers, watchmakers, and so forth—are a wandering race of mortals. As soon as a workman has finished his apprenticeship, he goes upon his travels, walks on foot from town to town, getting a job here, and a job there, and, if penniless, sometimes receiving aid from trades' guilds to help him on his way ; and at other times begging, cap in hand, from passengers. When he has spent a number of years abroad, and seen the mode of working in many different towns, he returns, marries, and settles down as a quiet, home-staying citizen. We have often seen men of this vagrant order in Germany toiling along the roads on foot, with a knapsack on their back, a stick in one hand, and a pipe in the other. We believe begging is strictly forbidden, nevertheless many a cap has been held out to us imploringly, and even with a pertinacity which no denial could easily repel. One of these wandering journeymen, named Holthaus, a tailor, two years ago published an account of his travels, which excited considerable interest in Germany, and has been translated

by William Howitt, within the last month or two, and issued for the benefit of the English public.*

This singular production is somewhat less amusing than we had expected, for the author says comparatively little about his own adventures, or means of getting employment, confining himself chiefly to a narration of where he went, with accounts of the places he visited. Yet the book is curious, as describing the actual rambles of an operative through various countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, everywhere depending for the gratification of his passion for travel solely on his needle. As the translator observes, it is the history of a man who 'literally sews his way from continent to continent.' To whatever country or capital he goes, he finds masters of his own nation and trade established. He works with them, saves money enough to carry him on to a new country, and there finds in his young countrymen fellow-pilgrims of the staff and knapsack, ready to bear him company on new excursions. Our hero commences his narrative as follows:—

'It was in the year 1824, that, after the early death of my parents, I quitted my native place, Werdohl, in the circle of Altena, being not yet sixteen years old, and betook myself to Schwelm. There I worked a year and a quarter. I then resolved on a farther journey through Germany, and set out upon it in July 1825, in company with three other hand-workers, one of whom was out of Saxony.' They proceed through the countries on the Rhine to Berlin, after which they go by Pomerania into Poland. Here they experience difficulties for want of proper passports, and their money runs so short, that one sold a shirt, the second a coat, and a third a pair of boots and pantaloons. At Cracow the author is struck with ague, which confines him to the hospital a fortnight. Quit of this affliction, he obtains work for a few days, and earns a little money, with the view of proceeding to Vienna; but the police turn him back into Prussia, and, beaten about from point to point, he is compelled to part with his knapsack to pay a debt which he had incurred for lodging. Lightened of his burden, our unfortunate tailor pushes his way homewards; 'and again,' says he, 'I stood poor and ragged only at a few hours' distance from my native place, Werdohl.' A feeling of shame now overwhelms him; he takes courage, and sets forth on a fresh cruise. To give anything like an idea of his zig-zag traversings, and also of his loiterings in different parts of Germany, for a number of years, is out of the question. It is sufficient to say that at Erfurt he got employment, saved some money, and was able to refit himself with clothes and knapsack. Having passed through Bavaria, the Tyrol, and Austria Proper, staying and working a short time in Vienna, off he set for Lower Hungary, sailed down the Danube, and halted at Fancsowa, where he worked for eight months, and then went on a journey through Wallachia. At Bucharest he remained ten months. We next find him travelling to Warsaw, in Poland, and after that to the baths of Töplitz and Carlsbad. At the entrance to the latter place, the inscription struck his eye—'He who is found begging in these walks will be seized, and sent with a shove to his own town.' 'I read this,' says he, 'with great composure, for I had yet money in my pocket.' After a short stay, with a glad heart he seized once more the old wander-staff, and went off towards Inn-spruck; journeyed a while through the Tyrol, where little work is to be had; proceeded again by Hungary and the Danube; and hearing that something might be done at Constantinople, his plan was made up to visit that distant capital.

The voyage down the Danube, and across the Black Sea, lasted several weeks, and was far from agreeable;

but all discomforts came to an end when he arrived in Pera, the Frankish suburb of Constantinople. 'Here,' said he, 'I had the good fortune to obtain employment from the ladies' tailor, M. Rolle, and I sat steadily for three quarters of a year, and worked hard. My manner of life was wholly Frankish. To breakfast and supper I had my own table; for dinner, I frequented a Frankish eating-house. At set of sun the workshop was closed, and then I returned to my quarters, which I had taken in company with others of my comrades, and there supped. In summer, supper consisted of figs, melons, and grapes; in winter, of tea, coffee, ham, and bacon, which last article the Maltese export in quantities to different countries. After supper we generally remained sitting, and smoked our tschibook, and conversed. In winter, we worked again some hours by lamp-light. Of course I did not omit on Sundays, and sometimes, too, on Mondays, to go about and observe the life and manners of this great city, with its million of men of the most various nations and characters.' His account of Constantinople, and the manners of its inhabitants, is ample, extending to about forty pages of his book, but is only a thousand-times told tale. Stamboul proved a golden soil to the vagrant tailor; he saved thirty-eight ducats by his labour. Here he might have remained and become rich; but no, he had an ardent craving to visit Egypt and the Holy Land, and set off on a voyage to the East accordingly.

Arrived in Egypt, our hero remained thirteen weeks in Cairo, but was not successful in picking up employment. Most of his time was spent in visiting the pyramids and other objects of curiosity. 'I often visited the slave-market in Cairo. Black and brown people are separated into lots, and are offered for sale by the conductors. The brown are from Abyssinia, and have a tolerably handsome European cast of countenance, but with a black woolly hair. The black from Darfur, from Sennaar, and Upper Egypt, are more ugly, have thick lips, flat noses, through which they stick a bit of wood, so that the orifice may remain open for the ornament of an ivory ring. On each cheek they have three deep cuts, and on their heads black wool. The majority are wholly naked, though others have a gray woolen cloth round the loins, which they use at night as a blanket. If a Frank come into the market, they press eagerly forward, nod, call out with a soft voice, "Tale henné!" and would fain be bought by him. In Egypt, the Franks are allowed to purchase some of them, but not in Constantinople. A female slave costs from five to eight hundred piastres—from six to ten pounds English; the young are something dearer. In Alexandria they are higher, and still higher in Constantinople. No white slaves are to be seen in Cairo, but black ones in great numbers.'

In June 1838, Holthaus quitted Cairo by a vessel down the Nile, and after a stay of ten days at Damietta, contracted with the captain of a merchant vessel to carry him to Beyrouth, in Syria, for the sum of twenty piastres, or three shillings and sixpence. The voyage to Beyrouth was undertaken with the hope of procuring work, and a recruitment to the purse, from a German tailor who was established there. On landing, says he, 'I made inquiries after him from some Franks whom I perceived on the strand, and found him in a large haan, where only foreigners lodged. Our countryman assisted us to hire a room in the haan—and a most wretched one it was—which we got for twenty piastres daily. It was neither drawn nor paved; window holes it had, but no windows; and it was thoroughly black, and perfectly alive with fleas, rats, and mice. There was neither seat nor table in it; and for the wooden key with which we secured our door, we had three piastres extra to pay. The slave-merchants, too, took up their quarters in our haan, and offered their blacks for sale.' This turns out a bad move. The German tailor could not give any work, and Holthaus resolved on a voyage to Acre.

With a heart full of piety and thankfulness, the wandering journeyman set his foot on the Holy Land,

* *Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor, through Europe and the East, during the Years 1824 to 1840.* By P. D. Holthaus, Journeyman Tailor, from Werdohl, in Westphalia. Translated from the third German Edition by William Howitt. London: Longman and Company. 1844.

and, what was very pleasant, the Franciscan monastery at Acre afforded him three days' rest and refreshment free of all charge. The first night, he observes, 'I passed without sleep; for, as I had not slept in a bed for a year and a half, I was quite uncomfortable in one.' Quitting this haven of rest, along with a comrade, he set out on a journey by way of Nazareth to Jerusalem. This proved a distressing pilgrimage. Towards evening, as the wayfarers entered the plain of Zebulon, they sought for a free inn among the villages, but none was to be found. 'It was dark, and we went on for another half hour. Then, arriving at a thicket, we turned to the left, out of the way, and took up our quarters under God's free heaven, and beneath a peaceful olive-tree. Camel-drivers went past during the night, and my comrade was full of anxiety; but we continued quiet, and awoke happy the next morning. With the break of day, without any food, and with only a little supply of water, which was already warm, we arose, and advanced over hill and dale, through copes of oak, over stones and naked rocks. Roads crossed themselves in all directions. In the mountains grazed long-haired goats, and sheep with broad tails. Our necessity increased at every step, as we had no water; and the burning heat made us exceedingly faint. My companion flung himself on the earth, and resolved to die on the spot rather than to advance another step into the wilderness. After much persuasion, he was prevailed on to go a little further, collected his strength, and marched with me forward. Presently we issued from this desert track, and entered again the cheerful green fields; a well, too, after which we had so earnestly sighed, presented itself, and a kind-hearted maiden, like another Rebecca, gave us to drink. By this well it is always, and especially towards evening, a busy scene. Women are washing, girls come and draw water in their jugs or leathern bags, herdsmen approach to water their cattle, and asses are loaded with water-sacks, which they carry frequently to a distance of six to nine miles. We asked the way to Nazareth—called in Arabic Nazara—and it was pointed out to us, with the assurance that it was very easy to find. Thereupon we laid us down under a shady fig-tree by a cattle-shed, and refreshed ourselves with the clear water, but had nothing to eat. After this, when we had climbed other hills covered with low brushwood, had seen to the east the village of Cana in Galilee, with its little mud huts, which looked like ruins, and had again refreshed ourselves with cold water at a well near a village, in a dale planted with fig and olive trees, we espied the little town of Nazareth, standing still and lonely on another hill, with its little huts of clay and mud, with flat roofs, from amid which a convent towered aloft, surrounded by a wall. One hut, owing to the steepness of the hill, lay as it were over the other. And this, then, was the place where our Saviour passed the years of his childhood, and where he afterwards, on his perambulations, taught in the schools.'

At Nazareth they receive poor treatment, and proceed through a miserable country to Tiberias, satisfied with a view of the sea of Galilee, which lay before them 'like a clear pure mirror, surrounded by naked and scorched hills.' Amid stones, crags, and sandy wastes, they travelled to Cana, and then back to Nazareth, suffering great bodily distress from hunger and excretion of the feet. Finally, they got to Jerusalem on the 15th of August 1838. Holthaus gives a pretty succinct account of the Holy city, which, having inspected to his heart's content, living the meanwhile at free quarters in the Franciscan convent of St Salvator, he went off on a wandering excursion to the Jordan and Dead Sea. He returned to Jerusalem, and finally quitted that city on the 2d of September for Jaffa, halting by the way at another of those Franciscan convents, without shelter from which, poor pilgrims would die in thousands in the inhospitable wilderness. At Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, he picked up his former comrade, and the wandering pair took ship to Bey-

rou. The vessel, which was loaded with watermelons, was a bad sailer, and one day when the anchor was dropped, our hero went ashore to a neighbouring Arab village. There is a touch of nature in what follows. 'An old woman speedily came running up to me, and implored me to enter her dwelling. I regarded the invitation with suspicion, for you cannot lightly trust the Arab and Turkish women. But I ventured; and she led me into a miserable hut, which I was obliged to enter by stooping, or rather creeping through its low doorway. There, on the floor, lay a black man and a boy, who were both ill. The old woman made me to understand that she wished me to cure them. I could only shrug my shoulders, and explain to her that I was no doctor, nor had any curative means with me. The poor woman sighed, probably imagining that I would not exert my skill. In the East, a Frank is continually regarded as a doctor, and this was now my case. Had I had some brandy and sugar by me, it is probable that I might have assisted the Arab, for this is the favourite remedy with these people.'

The vessel again went forward on its voyage, but so slowly, that at Acre the errant journeyman lost patience with the delays, and resolved to encounter land journey at all hazards the rest of the way. 'Throwing my knapsack on my back, I bought some bread, filled my bottles with water, and marched on by land. It was a fruitful plain through which I strode. To the left lay the Mediterranean, and before me stretched a vast level. At first my way lay through pomegranate gardens and a cedar wood; but afterwards amongst rocks and precipices, till towards evening I entered the plain of Tyre, now Sur. The night overtook me, and I took up my quarters in the bed of a dried-up brook. The next morning, as I awoke, I heard the dull ringing of the bells of a caravan. I arose hastily, quickened my steps, and soon reached it. One of the drivers, who had an unloaded ass, allowed me for eight piastres to ride it to Sidon. This was a novelty for me. We passed several kanaks, where Arab bread, goats' cheese, figs, grapes, and coffee, could be purchased. This night again I slept in the open air, but in the company of six camels, two asses, and three Arabs. Three hours before the break of day, our caravan put itself in motion; and before the dawn, we were in Sidon, or Saide, as it is at present named, where I merely stayed a few minutes in a Turkish coffee-house, and then stretched my staff farther along the coast, now through deep sandy plains, and now over mountains. Six miles from Beyrouth, however, from fatigue and thirst, I was unable to move another stride. I took up my quarters for the night in a summer-house in a mulberry garden, and arising early the next morning, proceeded to Beyrouth, where, the 12th of September, I luckily again encountered my fellow-countryman and pilgrim, August, who had arrived the day before. Here then our pilgrimage ended. I had traversed the desolate mountain ranges of Palestine, stood on the shores of the Galilean lake, of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. I had trod the scenes where the foot of the Redeemer had once wandered, and kneeled and prayed on the place of his birth, his death, and resurrection; and now I yearned once more after Europe and my native land.'

From Beyrouth the journeyman tailor went by sea to Constantinople, there got some work from his old master, but, urged by the thirst for travel, became impatient, and broke away for Athens. At Athens, he was delighted to find himself—thanks to King Otho's Bavarian followers—in a town almost half German. Getting work immediately from the ladies' tailor, Marksteiner, he describes his mode of life. 'Here, as in Constantinople, I hired a room with my fellow-traveller, but a room it was only, without bed, chair, or table. Beds I had no further acquaintance with. For years I had now slept on the paved ground, on boards, and frequently amongst rocks and precipices in the open air. Here, wrapped in my quilt, and with my knapsack under my head, I slept more sweetly than many

a one in the softest bed. My trunk was my chair and table. Every morning I went early to the workshop, where, besides the master, four journeymen and five German girls worked. We made up only fine articles, for the most part silken stuffs; for the ladies of Athens dress as splendidly as the Grecian; Armenian, and Frank ladies in Constantinople. In the morning, at seven o'clock, we had a cup of sweetened coffee, with a white roll, handed to us in the workshop; at noon we dined in a Bavaroise—that is, a Bavarian hotel—and paid, for three dishes, with a bottle of wine, seventy lepta, about fourpence-halfpenny; in the evening we took supper at home: but I did not spend much time in my hired room. On Sunday mornings we went to church, took a walk in the afternoon, partook in a coffee-house, on a country excursion, a glass of wine, of which the bottle cost twenty lepta, or sixteen pfennigs, about a penny-farthing English, and chatted very agreeably the time away. In the evening we went to the "Concordia," that is, to a select society of German masters there established, their wives, and assistants, both young men and young women. The journeymen tailors and other professionals formed themselves into a theistic company, and one of my comrades was director; and sometimes an individual stepped forward and declaimed something. Occasionally a ball was given, so that, side by side with good employment here, pleasure and entertainment were not wanting.'

Our space forbids us going much further with the vagrant tailor. He walked over a considerable part of Greece before leaving the country; sailed for Naples; visited Rome; arrived in France by Marseilles; and proceeded by way of Paris and Belgium to Germany, where the beloved waters of the Rhine again greet his sight. On the 5th of November 1840 he entered his native Werdohl, after an absence of sixteen years and six months. Affectionately the long absent tailor was welcomed by his friends, and the narrative of his wanderings was listened to with universal delight. Having given his travels to the world in the volume before us, he set forth on a fresh journey, taking this time a direction towards the northern countries of Europe. He is now stitching his way through Russia, and the reader may hope, if he return safe, for another and equally curious volume, to be translated, like the present, we trust, by our friend William Howitt.

NICHOLSON, THE AIREDALE POET.

A volume of poems, the production of John Nicholson, 'the Airedale poet,' as he was termed, has fallen under our notice, and affords us a not unsuitable opportunity of saying a few words respecting this son of genius, and of drawing a moral from his unhappy fate. John Nicholson, as we learn from a biographic sketch prefixed to his poems, was the son of a wool-sorter at Bingley, in Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of which, on the summit of the wild mountain tract of Rombalds Moor, he received the elements of education from a rustic besom-maker; who, like a peripatetic philosopher, led forth his little band of scholars to teach them lessons, while they pulled the blooming twig for his besoms, which he sold in the surrounding villages on the Saturday holidays. Whether this vagrant life among the hills unsettled the mind of young Nicholson, does not clearly appear; but we learn that, as he grew up, his father could not induce him to adopt patient habits of industry at his profession of wool-sorting, and that he took every opportunity of neglecting his duties for the sake of reading and meditating on poetic composition. We must pass over his early years, however, and take him up at middle life, when he had begun to write and publish fugitive pieces, and to have almost entirely abandoned the means of gaining a regular livelihood for himself and family. Encouraged by admiring friends, in 1824 he published 'Airedale and other Poems,' of the versification of which, the reader

may form an idea from the following eulogy on past times:—

Though history hath shaded o'er with crimes
The long past period of the feudal times,
Here foreign luxuries were yet unknown,
And all they wished was in the valley grown.
Their wholesome food was butter, cheese, and milk,
And Airedale's ladies never shone in silk;
The line they grew their own soft hands prepared;
The wool unneeded to the poor was spared;
But few the poor, unless by age oppressed;
At little rent some acres each possessed.
Such was this vale when Kirkstall's glories shone,
And who can help but sigh that they are gone?

A few lines from a poem entitled 'Reflections on the Return of the Swallow,' may be given as a specimen of one of his shorter pieces:—

Swift-winged and pleasing harbingers of spring!
Thou from thy winter's voyage art returned,
To skim above the lake, or dip thy wings
In the sequestered river's winding streams.
Instinct has brought thee to the rural cot,
From whence, with now-fledged wings, thou took'st thy flight.
Oh! could I give thee intellect and tongue,
That thou to man might'st tell what maze wild,
And what eccentric circles thou hast flown
Since thou didst soar in autumn far away!
Cities in rising splendour thou hast seen,
And those where solemn desolation dwells.
Hast thou not peaceful slept the night away,
Perched on the distant pyramid's high point;
Or on some massive column's hoary top,
Beheld great Aetna's dark sulphureous smoke,
Then dipped thy wings upon the orient waves?
Like thee, could man with philosophic eye
Survey mankind in every varying clime,
How would his mind expand! his spacious soul,
Released from bigotry and party strife,
Would grasp the human race in every form:
Denominations, sects, and creeds would sink,
His mind o'erpowered with the thought that He
Who formed the universe regards them all!

A literary work from a hand so unpolished and unpolishing excited surprise; and a poet being at that time a phenomenon in the locality, he became highly popular, and received many substantial marks of favour from his patrons. In his long and frequent journeys to deliver his book to subscribers, and to obtain other purchasers, he unavoidably associated with men who were ever willing to treat him with liquor for the sake of his original and instructive conversation, and to witness his feats of impromptu verse-making. Had he possessed the least prudence or foresight, the produce of the poems, and the presents he now received, might have secured him a moderate competency for life; but, regardless of the intreaties and endeavours of friends, he riotously wasted his money among convivial companions, and seldom returned from book-vending excursions with a penny in his pocket.

It is difficult to say whether this poor man most deserves pity or blame. Whatever were his own natural weaknesses, he was evidently a victim of the vulgar admiration which has shipwrecked so many uneducated poets. For years he gleaned a subsistence by selling his books, both in the country and in the metropolis; but this precarious mode of life brought no consolation, and having glutted the market with his wares, he was fain to return to the occupation of a wool-comber at Bradford. His life was a chequered scene of labour one day and reckless conduct the next, till the event which led to his melancholy end. Fond of rambling over hill and dale, and communing with nature, he one night, in April 1843, in crossing the river Aire by means of stepping-stones, lost his footing, as is believed, and was swept down the stream. He was able to scramble to land where he lay unnoticed, or at least unassisted, till he perished from cold and the apparent effects of apoplexy. He left a wife and eight children, for whose benefit the present volume of his poems has been laid before the public.*

* Poems by John Nicholson, the Airedale Poet, with a sketch of his life and writings, by John James, author of the History of Bradford. London: Longman and Company. 1844.

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We said that a moral might be drawn from the dismal fate of poor Nicholson, and it is this—that whatever be a man's attainments, or however influential be his friends, all will not compensate for the want of prudence, and particularly temperance; nor will anything whatever excuse the neglect of the first of natural duties, a regard for the well-being of the domestic hearth. Nicholson possessed a wonderful degree of taste and power of expression; his poetry abounds in beautiful descriptions of the scenes amidst which he delighted to wander. But what availed such gifts? His career was one of disappointment and wo—his death that of the veriest outcast. Committing first the error of deserting his profession for the uncertain products of a half-mendicant existence, he yielded to temptations which in his sober moments he despised. The mental anguish he appears to have sustained during these lucid intervals is well depicted in one of his poems, called 'Genius and Intemperance,' with a quotation from which we close the present notice:—

Oh! could I write that I myself could save
From this one curse, this sure untimely grave,
This endless want, that soon must stop my breath,
These flaming draughts, which bring the surer death,
Then should my Muse upon her wings advance,
And Genius triumph o'er Intemperance.
I know there's mirth, and there's a flash of joy,
When friends with friends a social hour employ,
When the full bowl is circled all around,
And not a single jarring string is found;
But trust wisdom of a young man's heart,
Is well to know the moment to depart.
Thousands of hopeful youths, who first begin
To mix with friends in this bewitching sin,
Soon lose their resolution—and what then?
Their privilege is gone to other men;
Their wealth has wasted, and the landlord, where
They seemed so happy with his social cheer,
When all is spent, and all resources o'er,
Soon kicks the starving wretches out of door.
I could employ my pen for weeks, for years
Write on this subject, wet it with my tears;
For spacious as the ocean is the scope;
For drinking drowns all genius, wealth, and hope,
Lays best of characters below the dust,
And fills connexions with a deep distrust.
But in weak verse the ill can ne'er be told—
Eternity alone can these unfold.
That I may know these ills, and stop in time,
Is my last wish, as thus I end the rhyme.

HEALTH—ITS LOSS AND PRESERVATION DEPEND ON DAILY CONDUCT.

[From Dr Combe's 'Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health.]

We are constantly meeting with anomalies in practical life, in the case of individuals little accustomed, when in health, to observe or to reflect on the influence of external circumstances and modes of living in disturbing the actions of the various animal functions, but at the same time easily and deeply impressed by all *extraordinary* occurrences affecting them. Thus, when any one is taken ill, his relatives or friends become extremely anxious to have his room properly ventilated; his body-clothes frequently changed and carefully aired; his food properly regulated in quantity and quality; his skin cleaned and refreshed; his mind amused and tranquillised; his sleep sound and undisturbed; and his body duly exercised. And they state, as the reason for all this care, and most justly, that pure air, cleanliness, attention to diet, cheerfulness, regular exercise, and sound sleep, are all highly conducive to health. And yet such is the inconsistency attendant on ignorance, that the patient is no sooner restored, than both he and his guardians are often found to become as careless and indifferent in regard to all the laws of health, as if these were entirely without influence, and their future breach or observance could in no way affect him! Just as if it were not better, by a rational exercise of judgment, to preserve health when we have it, than first to lose it, and then pay the penalty in suffering and danger,

as an indispensable preliminary to its subsequent restoration!

One cause of such anomalous conduct is the dangerous and prevalent fallacy of supposing that, because glaring mischief does not *instantly* follow every breach of an organic law, no harm has been done. Thus, what is more common than to hear a dyspeptic invalid, who seeks to gratify his palate, affirm that vegetables, for example, or pastry, or puddings, do not disagree with him, as he ate them on such a day, and felt no inconvenience from them? and the same in regard to late hours, heated rooms, insufficient clothing, and all other sources of bad health, every one of which will, in like manner, be defended by some patient or other, on the ground that he experienced no injury from them on a *certain specified occasion*; while all, when the rule is not directly applied to themselves, will readily admit that, in the case of others, such things are, and *must* be, very hurtful.

Happy would it often be for suffering man could he see beforehand the modicum of punishment which his multiplied aberrations from the laws of physiology are sure to bring upon him. But as, in the great majority of instances, the breach of the law is limited in extent, and becomes serious only by the frequency of its repetition, so is the punishment gradual in its infliction, and slow in manifesting its accumulated effect; and this very gradation, and the distance of time at which the full effect is produced, are the reasons why man in his ignorance so often fails to trace the connection between his conduct in life and his broken health. But the connection subsists, although he does not regard it, and the accumulated consequences come upon him when he least expects them.

Thus, pure air is essential to the full enjoyment of health, and reason shows that every degree of vitiation must necessarily be *proportionally* hurtful, till we arrive at that degree at which, from its excess, the continuance of life becomes impossible. When we state this fact to a delicately constituted female, who is fond of frequenting heated rooms, or crowded parties, theatres, or churches, and call her attention to the hurtful consequences which she must inflict on herself by inhaling the vitiated air of such assemblies, her answer invariably is, that the closeness and heat are very disagreeable, but that they rarely injure *her*: by which she can only mean, that a single exposure to them does not always cause an illness serious enough to send her to bed, or excite acute pain; although both results are admitted sometimes to have followed. An intelligent observer, however, has no difficulty in perceiving that they *do* hurt her, and that although the effect of each exposure to their influence is so gradual as not to arrest attention, it is not the less progressive and influential in producing and maintaining that general delicacy of health by which she is characterised, and from which no medical treatment can relieve her, so long as its causes are left in active operation.

Of the truth and practical value of the above doctrines, the author may be allowed to quote his own case, as an instructive example. In the autumn of 1831, he went to Italy in consequence of pulmonary disease; which, in January and February 1832, reduced him to such a state of debility as to leave no hope of his surviving the spring. Aware that his only chance lay in assisting nature to the utmost extent, by placing every function in the circumstances best fitted for its healthy performance, he acted habitually on the principle of yielding the strictest obedience to the physiological laws, and rendering every other object secondary to this. He did so, in the full assurance that, whether recovery followed or not, this was, at all events, the most certain way to secure the greatest bodily ease, and the most perfect mental tranquillity compatible with his situation. The result was in the highest degree satisfactory. From being obliged to pause twice in getting out of bed, a slow but progressive improvement took place, and by long and steady perseverance, continued till, at the end

of two or three months, he was able to drive out and walk a little every day. From month to month thereafter the amendment was so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible; but, at the end of a longer period, the difference was striking enough. Thus encouraged, the author continued true to his own principles, and in resisting every temptation to which improving health exposed him; and the ultimate result has been, that every successive year, from 1832 up to the present time, 1841, has, with one or two exceptions, found him more healthy and vigorous than before, and that many of his professional friends, who long regarded his partial convalescence as destined to be of very brief duration, cannot yet refrain from an expression of surprise on observing it to be still perceptibly advancing at the end of ten years.

The author now publishes this example, both because—as an illustration of the advantages of acting in accordance with the laws of our nature—it is as instructive as any with which he is acquainted, and because it strikingly shows the gradual accumulation of almost imperceptible influences operating surely, though slowly, in restoring him to a degree of health and enjoyment which has richly repaid him for all its attendant privations. Had he not been fully aware of the gravity of his own situation, and, from previous knowledge of the admirable adaptation of the physiological laws to carry on the machinery of life, disposed to place implicit reliance on the superior advantages of fulfilling them, as the direct dictates of Divine Wisdom, he never would have been able to persevere in the course chalked out for him, with that ready and long-enduring regularity and cheerfulness which have contributed so much to their successful fulfilment and results. And, therefore, he feels himself entitled, to call upon those who, impatient at the slowness of their progress, are apt, after a time, to disregard all restrictions, to take a sounder view of their true position, to make themselves acquainted with the real dictates of the organic laws, and, having done so, to yield them full, implicit, and persevering obedience, in the certain assurance that they will reap their reward in renewed health, if recovery be still possible; and, if not, that they will thereby obtain more peace of mind and bodily ease than by any other means which they can use.

From the preceding explanation of the slow but gradually increasing effect of both noxious and healthful influences on the human body, it is obvious, that while we cannot infer from a single application of a remedy or single fulfilment of a physiological law being unproductive of an instantly perceptible result, that it is therefore of no use; neither ought we to infer, that because a *single* excess of any kind does not produce a direct attack of disease, it is therefore necessarily harmless; for it is only when the noxious agent is very powerful, indeed, that its deleterious influence on the system becomes instantly sensible. In the great majority of situations to which man is exposed in social life, it is the *continued* or the *reiterated application* of *less powerful causes* which gradually, and often imperceptibly, unless to the vigilant eye, effects the change, and rains the constitution before danger is dreamt of; and hence the great mass of human ailments is of slow growth and slow progress, and admits only of a slow cure; whereas those which are suddenly induced by violent causes are urgent in their nature and rapid in their course. And yet so little are we accustomed to trace diseased action to its true causes, and to distinguish between the essential and the accidental in the list of consequences, that, as already observed, if no glaring mischief has followed any particular practice within at most twenty-four hours, nine out of ten individuals will be found to have come to the conclusion that it is perfectly harmless, even where it is capable of demonstration that the reverse is the fact.

The benevolence and wisdom of this arrangement are very conspicuous. There are many causal influences, from the agency of which man will never be

able entirely to protect himself. If they are speedily withdrawn from him, the slight disorder which they produce quickly ceases, and health remains essentially undisturbed. But, if they be left in operation for a considerable length of time, the derangement which they excite gradually and slowly increases, till at last a state of disease becomes established, which requires an equally long or longer period, and a steady observance of the laws of health, for its removal.

[The present seems a proper opportunity for informing our readers, that Dr Combe's Physiology is now published in a People's Edition (Macrae and Stewart, Edinburgh) at a third of its former cost, so as to be within the reach of a much larger portion of the community than have yet availed themselves of it. This cheap edition is the *twelfth* in nine years, a strong proof of the value which the public has placed upon the work, and we observe that thirty thousand copies have been sold in America. It is no extravagance to say, that the sound unostentatious wisdom of this book, the interesting manner in which it impresses the importance of attention to the organic laws of our being, and the singular lucidity and simplicity of the author's language and ideas, all combine to render it one of the most remarkable literary productions of our age. It should be read and studied, and made a practical guide by all: the poorest man, as well as the richest, ought, if possible, to possess it. The numbers who have profited by the book must be pleased to learn what the author tells of his personal history in the above extract. So the case really is, that this gifted man has written his *Physiology*, his work on *Diabetics*—scarcely less valuable—and an admirable practical manual for mothers on the *Management of Infancy*, entirely out of the relics of a constitutional strength which twelve years ago seemed on the point of extinction, but has been saved and revived purely by attention to the organic laws. The thread is still a frail one; insomuch that the author has been obliged to spend some of the late winters in milder climates than ours; but, in common with thousands who have enjoyed the benefits of his writings, we shall hope that a few more years will see this changed, so that Dr Combe will not only have the satisfaction of seeing his present works going on to a vastly extended utility, but compose others by which he will confer new, and, if possible, still greater obligations upon his kind.]

ANECDOTES OF ENGLAND IN 1843.

[From the newspapers.]

'THE condition of the poor is a subject which, altogether irrespective of the poor-law and its collateral questions, must ever excite the attention of thinking men. Above all, it should in London, where the condition of the poor is most strikingly appalling. It appears, from the report of the proceedings at Marlborough Street police office, that there is *an average number of fifty human beings, of all ages, who huddle together in the parks every night, having no other shelter than what is supplied by the trees and hollows of the embankment*. Of these, the majority are young girls, who have been seduced from the country by the soldiers, and turned loose on the world in all the destitution of friendless penury, and all the recklessness of early vice. This is truly horrible. Poor there must be everywhere. But that, within the precincts of wealth, gaiety, and fashion, nigh the regal grandeur of St James's, close on the palatial splendour of Bayswater, on the confines of the old and the new aristocratic quarters, in a district where the cautious refinement of modern design has abstained from erecting one single tenement for poverty, which seems, as it were, dedicated to the exclusive enjoyments of wealth—that *there* want, and famine, and disease, and vice, should stalk in all their kindred horrors, consuming body by body, soul by soul! It is, indeed, a monstrous state of things. Enjoyment, the most absolute that bodily ease, intellectual excitement, or the more innocent pleasures of sense, can supply to man's craving.

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brought in close contact with the most unmixed misery! Wealth, from its bright saloons, laughing—an insolently heedless laugh—at the unknown words of want! Pleasure, cruelly but unconsciously mocking the pain that moans below! All contrary things jostling one another—all contrary, save the vice which tempts and the vice which is tempted!—*Times, October*.

'Of the gross number of 155 prisoners tried at our recent county and city sessions, only six could read and write! All the rest could either do so only "imperfectly," or had not the least knowledge of reading. Neither is Gloucestershire singular in this pitiable exhibition of intense ignorance in that class from amongst whom our jails derive their too great population; for we find by our contemporary, the Bristol Times, the chaplain of the Taunton jail states that, during the last three years, no less than 360 prisoners had come under his notice who were as completely ignorant of Christianity as heathens. This is a picture of England in the nineteenth century. Here at our very doors, crawling about our streets, lanes, alleys, and roads, to beg or to steal, and filling our workhouses and jails, we have a population of hundreds of thousands who know nothing of God or religion, and who are not possessed of the commonest rudiments of education to remove the gross ignorance which envelopes them like a cloud, cuts them off from all association with their better-taught fellow-creatures, which almost necessitates that they shall beg or steal, or else not live; and which obscures their perceptions till they sink from poverty, and crime, and misery, into the grave, into which they fall without thinking, feeling, or believing that its gloomy portals admit them to an everlasting futurity, which this life was given them to prepare for!—*Gloucester Journal, November*.

'Yesterday forenoon, a poor diseased and emaciated looking lad was wheeled to the police office on a hurley, regarding whom a somewhat painful tale has to be told. It appears that about six weeks ago he became affected with the prevailing trouble, influenza, and having no place to go to, he resorted, for shelter and rest, to an out-house or shed attached to the cattle market in Gallowgate, where he has lain ever since imbedded amongst the straw, unchanged in garments, and unwashed in his person. It would appear that several persons in humble life knew of the poor creature's burrowing place, and, according to his own statement, he was fed pretty often with brose, bread, or turnips, and thus continued to keep soul and body together, though he was always too weak to get upon his legs. Notwithstanding, however, that a fellow-being had occupied this wretched abode for at least six weeks, and during that time, encountered weather which made many shiver at the chimney-nook of ease, *none of those who knew his wretched plight ever once thought of informing the authorities, or representing his case at the poor's-house.* It was only, indeed, by accident that the policeman on the station heard of the circumstance, and had the unfortunate creature removed from his lair into the light of day. The name of this unfortunate is Mc'Callum, and his age twenty. For a time he was employed to work a horse and cart, and latterly picked up a few coppers in the market by herding cattle; but when trouble came, he had nothing for it, as he says, but to go in amongst the straw. It is likely that the mind must have become depressed as the body got weakened, otherwise it is scarcely possible to conceive how a human being could have been so long in the position described, without making some desperate attempt to make his sufferings known to the world. Now that it is known, he will be carefully tended till his recovery.—*Glasgow Herald, November 17.*

'Late on Wednesday evening, intimation was received at the police office that a poor man, an hustler, generally known by the name of English Bill, had taken refuge in the course of the night in Mr Thorpe's stables, in West George Lane, and was believed to be in a dying state. Dr Easton promptly visited him, and recom-

mended his removal from the stall in which he lay to the police office, where everything that kindness and skill could do to relieve suffering humanity was done for him, but he died at an early hour yesterday forenoon. There is too much reason to believe that *the death of this poor man* (who, we believe, had seen better days) was caused by the want of the ordinary necessities of life; and it is most painful that such a state of things should exist in a community which considers itself both enlightened and charitable. Surely some effort should be made to procure a place where the pressing wants of such persons could be attended to, without the difficulty or delay at present experienced in getting them admitted into any of our public institutions.'—*Glasgow Herald, November 24, (a week after the above date)*.

'For some weeks the surgeon of the Edinburgh police has been making investigations respecting young destitute persons that are prowling about the city; and the result of his inquiries has been, that some ten or twelve young persons are at present in Edinburgh, without father, or mother, or any relative to care for them, who spend their days in begging, and their nights sleeping in common stairs, or otherwise, as chance may direct. *Two of these were growing up in more than the ignorance of savage life;* they did not know if they ever had a father or mother—of whose fostering care they had certainly had no experience. It may be supposed that their ignorance on other points was equally extreme. The most distressing case, however, occurred on Tuesday. A young girl, about eleven years of age, was found in a virulent stage of the fever, lying in a small room in a common stair, at the head of the Canongate, without a friend or attendant to look after her. She had previously subsisted by begging; but being attacked by the prevalent disease, she crept into this empty closet, where the inhabitants of the stair (with the filthy habits which have long been the reproach of Scotland) had been accustomed to empty their ashes, &c., instead of carrying them to the street. In this place she remained from the Friday to the Tuesday, without attendance of any kind, and without any supply either of food or water; *some of the neighbours actually throwing their ashes upon her person.* She was, however, noticed by some of the more humane neighbours, who gave information to the police; and Dr Tait being sent for, had her removed to the Infirmary, where she now remains. She is, we understand, an interesting child, but is altogether destitute of any relations.—*Scotsman (Edinburgh newspaper), November 25, (the day after the above date)*.

SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRY OF A LABOURER.

The following interesting case of successful industry is furnished by a correspondent to the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England:—In passing through Norfolk lately, I met with such a remarkable and pleasing instance of successful industry, that I think the particulars may interest the members of the Royal Agricultural Society. Edmond Chaney, of Carlton Rode, 11 miles south-east of Norwich, aged 49 years, was brought home to his parish, about 20 years ago, with a family of six children. The overseers granted him an allowance of 2s. 6d. per week, and supplied him with a wheelbarrow, desiring him to try to find employment in wheeling out man from the pit to the land. He obtained work of this sort from a farmer in a neighbouring parish, who, finding him a sensible and industrious man, kindly lent him money to buy a donkey, and afterwards a pony, which he repaid from the produce of his labour. Some time afterwards, by the advice and assistance of the same kind friend, he engaged to rent four acres of land belonging to the parish in which he was settled. This undertaking proving successful, he hired 24 acres more nine years ago last Michaelmas. Two years later he engaged 23 acres more—14 of arable and 9 of fen land—with a dwelling-house and buildings; the following year 22 acres more; and he has recently added another 24 acres to his occupation; making in all 93 acres, the 4 acres belonging to the parish having been taken from him when he hired the other land.

In order to stock these different parcels of land, he was

of course under the necessity of borrowing money; but by industry and good management he has been enabled to pay it off, and is now free of the world. To make his history still more remarkable, he has brought up a family of 14 children, and buried two others.

The circumstances of the case, as I heard them related, appeared to me so extraordinary, that I was induced to go over to Carlton to see the land, and to inquire into the system pursued with such admirable results. I found that Chaney has two sons grown up and married, who work for him as day-labourers, and three unmarried, who also work for him. In addition, he sometimes employs two or three other hands. He has five working horses, besides a brood mare and foal; nine breeding sows and a boar, five milk cows, and nine young cattle of different ages. I did not see any sheep. I could not find that he adopts any regular system of cropping; but the appearance of his crops bore testimony to the high condition of the land, though originally, I was informed, of inferior quality. The great secret of his good management and extraordinary success seems to be in a very liberal application of manure and of labour to improving the soil. He told me that he never sells any barley, peas, or beans, but devotes his whole growth of these to the feeding of stock, chiefly hogs, of which he fattens a great number. The particulars of this case are so extraordinary, that I should scarcely have given credit to them, had I not verified them on the spot. They appear to me to furnish a proof as remarkable as it is delightful, of the benefit of high farming. Rent of the 24 acres originally taken, 20s. per acre. Rent afterwards raised to 22s. and 24s. Rent of land subsequently taken, 40s.

Weekly Chit-Chat.

The Reformed Crows.—The following piece of drollery is found in a late Illinois newspaper:—Colonel B.—has one of the best farms on the Illinois river. About one hundred acres of it are now covered with waving corn. When it came up in the spring, the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed, it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral; and though the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo. The colonel at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the druggist for a gallon of alcohol, in which he soaked a few quarts of corn, and scattered it over his field. The blacklegs came and partook with their usual relish, and, as usual, they were pretty well corned; and such a cooling and cackling—such strutting and staggering! When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait, and their zig-zag course through the air. At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there being joined by a new recruit, which happened to be sober, they united, at the top of their voices, in haw-haw-hawing, and shouting either praises or curses of alcohol: it was difficult to tell which, as they rattled away without rhyme or reason. But the colonel saved his corn. As soon as they became sober, they set their faces steadfastly against alcohol. Not another kernel would they touch in his field, lest it should contain the accursed thing, while they went and pulled up the corn of his neighbours. They have too much respect for their character, black as they are, again to be found drunk.

Railway Charges.—Railway companies, from the general want of tact in their directors, are yet far from meeting the public wants. They do not seem to be aware that while a thousand persons desirous of travelling can spare ten shillings, a hundred thousand can spare five shillings, and so on in proportion—the lower the fare, the much greater increase in the number who would travel. This may be well exemplified in our own publication. At its present price of three-halfpence, it has sixty thousand purchasers: were the price raised to three-pence, it would get only seven or eight thousand purchasers, if so many: if raised to fourpence, its circulation would probably sink to a thousand, and then it would not be worth anybody's while to issue it. How long it is before public bodies of traffickers can take lessons from facts so obvious to private comprehension! A universal lowering of railway fares is earnestly demanded by the public. A late writer on the subject observes:—What astonishes us most in the present management of railways, is the indisposition to meet the public in the adoption of low fares—a plan which, we are more than ever convinced, would prove of incalculable ad-

vantage to those lines that would fearlessly adopt it. A penny-wise policy induced the directors of the Hull and Selby Railway to raise their fares, particularly the third class; and what has been the result?—a falling off of passengers, inconvenience to the public, diminished revenue, and then a return to former rates, when they find their exorbitant demands will not pay them for the capital expended.

Southey's Epitaph.—The following lines, for inscription on a monument to Mr Southey in the church of Crosthwaite, have been furnished by Mr Wordsworth, poet-laureate:—

Ye torrents foaming down the rocky steeps,
Ye lakes wherein the spirit of water sleeps,
Ye vale and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed; and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious love,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own:
Whether he traced historic truth with seal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal;
Or fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a nobler nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
Through a long life, and calmed by Christian faith
In his pure soul the fear of change and death.

The Line of Literature.—The reason why the periodicals have all arranged themselves along the line of Fleet Street and the Strand, is merely one of convenience. To establish an office for a newspaper in any other district of the metropolis, would argue very great ignorance on the part of the publisher or proprietor. This alone, without some irresistible attraction or extraordinary merit to overcome the obstruction, would be sufficient to nip the young flower in the bud. The newsmen, in collecting their daily supply of literary ware, run along the line of literature, and pick up dozens or half-dozens, or even single numbers of periodicals within a line of about one mile in length. Even this is too long for many; and a literary square or market would reduce the trudgery of the trade considerably; but to be compelled to diverge from this line into any other as long as itself—to run from Fleet Street to Holborn, and from thence to Oxford Street or Regent Street, to collect two or three copies of different periodicals—would scarcely repay a common mendicant for the risk and the labour, even supposing he got his shoes for nothing, which, however, needs no supposition at all. Every periodical, therefore, either establishes its office in Fleet Street or the Strand, or in some street that branches off from them, as the two parent stocks—the father and the mother of English periodical literature. I should say that Fleet Street, being the oldest of the two, and within the city of London, is the male parent. The Strand, being the youngest, and within the city of Westminster, may be entitled to the honoured name of mother, or *alma mater*. It is remarkable, too, that there is a city for each, and that these two cities unite where the two streets unite—at the venerable old gateway of Temple Bar. There are several streets, or rather lanes, which branch off from Fleet Street, but none of them are publishing lanes: they have not yet risen to that dignity: and such is the conservatism of the vendors, as a class, that it would be almost dangerous to settle in one of them.—*Walk from St Paul's*, in *Family Herald*.

Duty of Old Age.—A material part of the duty of the aged consists in studying to be useful to the race who succeeds them. Here opens to them an extensive field, in which they may so employ themselves, as considerably to advance the happiness of mankind. To them it belongs to impart to the young the fruit of their long experience; to instruct them in the proper conduct, and to warn them of the various dangers of life; by wise counsel to temper their precipitate ardour; and both by precept and example to form them to piety and virtue. Aged wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most forward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.—*Dr Blair*.